

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 796.

[No. 78.

LAMENTATIONS OF PANTHEA OVER THE BODY OF
ABRADATES.*

BE the garland of hope withered by the sigh of disappointment; be the lute of gladness no more responsive to the fingers of melody. What hast thou to do with dreams of rapture, with scenes of visionary transport, with the whispers of fancy that mock the ear of attention? Thou hast nothing to do with them. O ill-fated Panthea! thy peace, thy loves, thy joys are at an end: the howl of calamity has chased thy slumbers of happiness, and doomed sorrow and solitude to be thy hapless handmaids. How terrific is the brow of anguish to the eye of complaisance! to the children of festivity how convulsive is the cup of astonishment! My heart is as the heart of a babe that weeps bitterly; I have all the weakness of childhood, and all the sorrows of age. As the patient whose malady scoffs at physic, I am hopeless without a cure, I am disconsolate as the ghost of midnight among the tombs of my forefathers. Why, O thou nurse of my infancy, didst thou reserve me to such a date? why was I ever lulled upon the lap of tenderness? Would that ere the dawning irradiations of reason I had died, in the morning of existence thy Panthea had died; thou hadst wept over her urn with less mortal anguish. But cease, O thou nurse of my infancy, for the fault was not thine: thy imagination was enraptured with the fictions of fondness, and painted fairer prospects for thy much-loved Panthea: thy love reared around her the pavilions of ease, plucked the thorns of adversity from the garden of pleasure, and perfumed her paths with the incense of roses. It was not thine to descend to the recesses of thought, and chase honour from its abode as the assassin of peace. It was thy charm, O inhuman honour'd that made captive my discretion, and seduced me from the waters of consolation to the precipices of despair. Why did I soar after thee on the wings of ambition, and spurn at contentment for deriding thy deceit? My fancy thought thee fairer than a studd'd diadem; more splendid than the gold in the waves of Paetolus. 'Thou art fair,' I said, and beautiful beyond the visions of rapture; and the youth who holds my heart I will endeavour to posse

thee. I will enlarge upon thy glories that his soul may catch thy fire; I will urge him to the plains of conquest; but, lo! he bleeds beneath the spear.—Ye virgin daughters of Bactria, you have seen the youth of my love: my love was foremost among the candidates for honour, he was a hero without pre-eminence. His heart never fainted at the clang of war; when the oriflambe of battle was erected in his view, he stood strong as the gate of Susa, and immovable as its battlements. In the conflict he was dreadful as a host sheathed in terrors; rough and terrible as a wave conflicting with the spirit of the blast. No force dared oppose the burning flames of his wrath; he curbed the fury of the sons of thunder in their midnight career, and waved the faulchion of conquest over the heads of potentates. But when the Poceans of victory have dismissed him from the plain, ye virgin daughters of Bactria, you have seen him hasten to my arms, all placid as the smile of virginity in the morning of youth; meek and gentle as a bride conducting to the bower of her bridegroom. When shall he exult at the voice of fame above the shield of his might, and bear the wreath of glory from his warring compeers? Alas! can the tear of evening resuscitate the broken primrose of the vale, or shall the poplar once fallen grace the banks of Zenderhoud; his shield of might is defenceless, his wreath of glory is decayed, and the trumpet of fame has no music for his ear. Fool that I was, why did I urge him to the fight? why did I arm his fortitude against unequal slaughter! The burden of calamity presses heavy on my soul—my spirit faints within me—I die, I die!—Is there no kind consoler of another's anguish, in the tenderness of sympathy, to speak peace to my grief?—Thou weepest in the bitterness of affliction, O thou, whose hand dried the tear in the eye of infancy; but that infancy in vain matured by youth, waits the offices of age—soon thy charity shall accomplish what thy tenderness has begun, when the breast that now heaves shall throb no more, and the breath that now murmurs shall be silent forever!

HAPPINESS.

THERE are happy days, but no happy lives; this would be an enchanting dream, without once wakening to sorrow.

* See Xenophon's Cyropedia, or Life of Cyrus, in M. Rollin's Ancient History.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION:
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA,
REVEALING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.
Translated from the German of Tschinkel.
(Continued from page 195.)

ALUMBRADO had spoken the truth; the Duke found the Count in his apartment. The latter was at first incapable of uttering a word, but having recovered from his astonishment, he declined in a faltering accent to accept the invitation of my friend. But when he heard the Duke talk of the guard, and saw that he was a prisoner, he submitted to his fate. The Duke ordered his trunk to be carried to his coach, and then drove with him to his palace.

Apprehending that the Count would be reserved in the presence of a third person, he had previously requested me to retire with Alumbrado to a closet, where we could hear and see them without being observed. The introduction to their discourse had already been finished in the carriage, consequently we heard only the continuation. As soon as they had entered the room, the Duke desired the Count to give him the key of his trunk, which was delivered to him without hesitation. While he was opening the trunk and searching for papers which he could not find, the Count took his letter-case out of his pocket and threw it in the chimney fire.

Although the Duke hastened to save it, yet a great part of it had already been consumed by the flames. The rest he locked up in his writing desk.

"Why have you done this?" he said to the Count with rising anger.

"Because I do not like to have my secrets wrested from me by force."

The Duke took several turns in his apartment in order to recover his equanimity, and then rung the bell. "Wine," he called to the servant, who brought it immediately and retired.

"Count," said the Duke in a mild accent, "the wine possesses the virtue of rendering people communicative and sincere. Let us drink."

"You shall draw my secrets from me neither by force nor artifice. I shall at least have the merit of confessing voluntarily, what I can, and dare confess."

"Very well. However, wine possesses also the virtue of dispelling animosity and perplexity. Come, let us drink."

The Count consented to it.

"First of all," said the Duke, after they had been seated, "tell me where is Hiermansor? He promised to pay me a visit as soon as Por***al should be delivered from the Spanish yoke, but has not been as good as his word."

"He could not. Affairs of the greatest importance have called him to Brasil, where he very probably is at present."

"Do you think that he will fulfil his promise after his return."

"Undoubtedly! but why do you wish for his visit?"

"He has promised to initiate me in the mysteries of an occult philosophy. You are perhaps capable of fulfilling his place."

"No, my Lord."

"But you will be able to afford me some information with respect to those illusions by which I have been put to the test?"

"Yes!" the Count replied, after a pause.

"I only desire you to explain to me the more intricate and most important deceptions, for the rest I hope to unfold without your assistance."

"Most of them you have already discovered by the papers which you have taken found in my trunk."

"How do you know that?" The Duke asked with astonishment.

"I know it from Hiermansor."

"And by whom has he been informed of it?"

"By your Grace."

"By me? I do not recollect to have discovered to him any thing."

"Not directly; however, you have betrayed yourself."

"On what occasion?"

"When he paid you a visit at **ubia. Do you not recollect to have asked him whether he had discovered to Amelia that your real father had not been the murderer of her Lord? This you could not have known if you had not seen my papers."

"It is true," the Duke replied after a short silence, "however, those papers did not extend farther than to the time when Hiermansor was taken up in your and my tutor's presence. I was then going to descend into the subterraneous vaults of a ruinous building, in order to take a brilliant pin out of the hair of a sleeping virgin."

"I know it; but you would have found neither the sleeping virgin nor any of those things which Hiermansor told you you would meet with."

"Is it possible; should he have risked a fraud in which I so easily could have found him out?"

"He knew before-hand that you would not get to the bottom of the staircase, for it was settled previously that I should appear in time with the officers of the police, and recall your Grace by firing a pistol."

"Indeed!" said the Duke with astonishment, "now I recollect another very strange incident. I should perhaps not have descended without your interference, for I was seized with an uncommon anxiety, which increased every step I proceeded. I cannot conceive what was the reason of it; however it seemed as if an invisible power pushed me back."

"This I will explain to you. Don't you recollect that a thick smoke ascended from the abyss? A stupefying incense which possessed the power of straitening the breast, and creating anxiety, was burning at the bottom of the stair-case."

"I cannot but confess," the Duke said, after a short pause, "that the execution was not less cautious than the plan has been artful. I had indeed been impelled, at that time, to believe Hiermansor was not only possessed of the knowledge of subterraneous treasures, but also of the power and the inclination of affording me a share of them, and that it had been merely my fault to have returned empty handed. His cursory account of the wonderful things I should meet with in the abyss had contributed to set my imagination at work, and I was more desirous to see those miraculous things, than to get possession of the jewels."

"Your Grace resented it very much that I had interrupted that adventure by the seizure of Hiermansor."

"Indeed I did, but what view had you in doing it?"

"It was of great consequence to me, to prove myself to you and your tutor, in an incontestable manner, an implacable enemy of Hiermansor. How could I have effected it better than by seizing him? the magistrate was an intimate friend of mine, and the whole farce pre-concerted with him."

"Then the Irishman has not been taken up seriously?"

"The officers of the police had been ordered to set him at liberty as soon as he should be out of your sight."

"Now I can comprehend why you so obstinately opposed me when I intreated my tutor to make an attempt at delivering Hiermansor.---But what would you have done, if I had persisted in my resolution of taking that step?"

"Then you should certainly not have done it alone; I would have accompanied you to the magistrate, who undoubtedly would have found means of coaxing you with respect to Hiermansor's fate. It seemed, nevertheless, not to be adviseable to suffer you to remain any longer in the neighbourhood of the theatre where that scene had been performed. You might have peeped behind the curtain without our knowledge, and your tutor could have made secret enquiries. An accident might easily have betrayed to you that the process against Hiermansor was a fiction; in short, we could not have acted with safety and liberty while you should have been near the scene of action, and for that reason the magistrate was suborned to endeavour to persuade you to a speedy flight, in which he succeeded to our greatest satisfaction."

"Now it is evident how Hiermansor could shew so much tranquility and unconcern when he was taken up, how he could promise to see me at **n, and make good his promise."

"The latter was indeed an easy matter; however he wanted to render his re-appearance interesting by concomitant extraordinary circumstances. A lamentable incident procured him the means of effecting his purpose. You will recollect the execution of Francisca, the too late discovery of her innocence, and the nocturnal funeral to which I invited you.---Hiermansor could not have reappeared to you on a more remarkable opportunity. At that period, when your soul was thrilled with gloomy melancholy and chilling sensations, the sight of a man whom you supposed to languish in

"a dungeon, or perhaps to have finished already his career on the stake, could not but make the deepest impression on you. You knew that he omitted nothing that promised to enforce that impression."

"But how could he then already know that I had been raised to the ducal dignity?"

"He had received early intelligence of it by a letter from a friend, who was intimate with the secretary of your father."

"Let us drop the discourse on the scene of that night, it is accompanied with too horrid and painful ideas. Let us repair to the retired cell of the royal hermit, where no inferior miracles are crowding upon us. First of all, tell me whether you really think him to be the old banished King?"

"I do, indeed, not only because Hiermansor has told me so, but also because his whole form resembles in a most striking manner, the picture of the real King."

"But when do you think he will ascend the throne of Port**al?"

"I suppose, very soon!"

"Do you, indeed? I can see, as yet, no preparations for it. They even do not talk of the old King; everyone believes him to be dead; I think it would be time to spread the news of his being still alive."

"I must confess that I have neither heard nor seen any thing of him since we left him in his cell. I hope Hiermansor's return will be the period of his taking possession of the throne. Perhaps he intends to introduce him in triumph in Port**al."

"It seems, at least, that they are very intimately connected. Do you recollect how Hiermansor appeared at night, in a manner equally mysterious and surprizing, when he was summoned by the royal Hermit?"

"O! as for that juggling trick---"

The Duke started from his chair. "A juggling trick---this too should have been a juggling trick?"

"How can you be surprized at this discovery?"

"The incident was indeed wonderful enough for giving reason to think it supernatural."

"You are right. That artifice could not but produce an astonishing effect on an uninformed spectator. The Hermit pronounces some unintelligible words while he kisses the picture three times; the lamp is extinguished and lighted again, as if it were by an invisible hand; a sudden noise is heard, and a flame flashes over the picture. All this is very surprising. However, if one knows that the altar, on which the picture is placed, conceals a machine, that the Hermit's finger touches a secret spring, and this puts the wheels of the machine in motion, that the wick in the lamp is connected with it, and pulled down and up again through the tube in which it is fixed; if one knows how Hiermansor entered the cell, then the whole incident will be divested of its supernatural appearance."

"But this very appearance of Hiermansor is entirely mysterious to me."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.
TAKEN FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

ATHENS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together; the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few

years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or *prætor*.

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him, by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of *Nistres*, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that, travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the *prætor's* chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but, happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander being

found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollects his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF

THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI.

With a relation of the most remarkable occurrences in the life of the celebrated COUNT PULASKI, well known as the champion of American Liberty, and who bravely fell in its defence before Savannah, 1779.

Interspersed with Anecdotes of the late unfortunate KING of POLAND, so recently dethroned.

(Continued from page 198.)

HAD the horse, which I had left with them at my departure, afforded them sufficient sustenance ever since? Had not hunger, cruel hunger, obliged them to fly from their retreat? Were they still concealed in those frightful deserts? If they were not there, where should I be able to find them? Where, without them, should I drag out my miserable existence?

.

But could I believe that Pulaski had abandoned his son-in-law? that Lodoiska had consented to separate herself from her husband? No---undoubtedly not. They were still confined within the circle of this frightful solitude; and if I abandoned them, they must die with famine and cold!

.

These desperate reflections at length determined my conduct, and I no longer examined whether or not, in removing at a distance from my waggon, I was in danger of never finding it again. To carry some provisions to my father-in-law and wife, to succour Pulaski and Lodoiska---these were now the only sentiments that occupied my mind.

I accordingly seize my fowling-piece, take some powder and shot, and load one of my horses with necessaries: I pierce into the woods much farther than during the former evening; I again hollow with all my strength; I again make frequent discharges with my gun. The most melancholy silence reigned all around me.

I now find myself in a part of the forest where the trees were so extremely thick, that there was no longer any passage for my horse: I, therefore, tie him to a tree, and my despair getting the better of every other consideration, I still continue to advance with my gun, and part of my provisions. I had now wandered about for two hours more, my inquietude forcing me every moment to redouble my pace, when at length I perceive human footsteps imprinted on the snow.

Hope gives me new strength, and I therefore instantly follow the traces which were still fresh. Soon after I discover Pulaski almost naked, emaciated with hunger, and so changed as scarce to be known even by me!

He makes all the efforts in his power to drag his limbs towards me, and to reply to my enquiries. The moment that I had rejoined him, he seizes, with avidity, on the viands that I present to him, and devours them in an instant. I then demand of him where Lodoiska is.

"Alas!" says he, "you will see her there!" The tone of voice in which he pronounced these words made me tremble. I run to, I arrive at, the cavern, but too well prepared for the melancholy spectacle that awaited me. Lodoiska, wrapped up in her own clothes, and covered with those of her father, was extended upon a bed of half rotten leaves!

She raises, with some difficulty, her weary head, and refusing the aliments which I now offer her, addresses me as follows:—"I am not hungry! The death of my children; the loss of Dorliska; our journeys, so long, so laborious, so difficult; your dangers, which seemed to increase daily---these have killed me! I was unable to resist fatigue and sorrow. My friend, I am dying---I heard thy voice, and my soul was stopped in its flight---We shall meet again! Lodoiska ought to die in the arms of a husband whom she adores!---Alift my father! May he live! Live both of you---console yourselves, and forget me!"

.

---Search every where for my dear

." " She was unable to pronounce the name of her daughter, and instantly expired!

.

Her father digs a grave for her at a little distance from the cavern ; and I behold the earth enclose all that I loved in this world !

What a trying moment ! Pulaski alone prevented me from becoming the victim of despair : he forces me to survive Lodoiska !

Pulaski, whose courage never abandoned him, and whose strength was by this time restored, obliges me to occupy myself jointly with him, in the business of procuring our subsistence.

By following along the snow the prints of my footsteps, we arrive at length at the place where I had left my wagon, which we immediately unload, and burn soon after, on purpose to withhold from our enemies the most distant suspicion of the place of our retreat.

By the aid of our horses, for which we procure a passage, by making a circuitous journey, instead of attempting to bring them straight to the place of our retreat, we were at length able to transport those provisions and moveables to our cavern, which it was so necessary for us to procure, and to husband, if we resolved to remain much longer in this solitude. We soon after killed our horses, which we were unable to supply with food. We lived upon their flesh, which the rigour of the season preserved for a considerable time ; it corrupted, however, at length ; and our fire-arms being unable to procure us any other than a scanty supply of game, we were obliged to have recourse to our provisions ; which at the end of three months, were entirely consumed,

Some gold, and the greater part of Lodoiska's diamonds still remained. Should I make a second voyage to Pultava ? Or should we both run the hazard of such an undertaking, and quit our retreat in company ? We had already suffered so much, and so cruelly in this forest, that we resolved to embrace the latter resolution.

We accordingly sally forth ; we pass the Sem near Rylks ; we purchase a boat there, and, disguising ourselves in the dress of fishermen, we descend that river, and enter the Desna.

Our boat was visited at Czernicove, but misery had so disfigured Pulaski, that it was impossible any longer to recognize him. We then enter the Dnieper ; we cross from Kiof * to Krylow. There we were obliged to receive into our boat, and carry to the other side, several Russian soldiers who were on their march to join a small army employed against Pugatchew.

At Zaporiskaia we heard of the capture of Bender and Oczakow, the conquest of the Crimea, the defeat and subsequent death of the Vizir Oglou.

* Kiof, or Kiow, is a palatinate, in which is situated a town of the same name, which is reckoned the capital of the Ukraine. It is built on the banks of the river Nieper, or Dnieper, as it is sometimes called. T.

Pulaski, reduced to a state of desperation, was anxious to traverse the vast deserts that separated him from Pugatchew, on purpose to join himself to that enemy of the Russians ; but the excess of our fatigues obliged us to remain at Zaporiskaia.

The peace, which was soon after concluded between Russia and the Porte, at length afforded us the means of entering Turkey.

On foot, and still disguised, we crossed the Boudziac, part of Moldavia and Wallachia, and after a thousand unforeseen and unexpected difficulties and fatigues, we at length arrive at Adrianople.

Having remained for some time at this place, on purpose to repair our exhausted forces, we prepare to depart : but we are arrested, and, being carried before the Cadi, are accused of having sold several diamonds in the course of our journey, which we had apparently stolen. The miserable clothes with which we were covered, had given rise to this suspicion.

Pulaski discovers himself to the mussulman judge, and he sends us immediately to Constantinople.

We are admitted shortly after to an audience of the grand signior. He orders apartments to be prepared for us, and assigns us a liberal pension upon his treasury.

I then write to my sisters, and to Boleslas : we learn, by their answers, that all the property of Pulaski had been confiscated, that he was degraded from his rank, and condemned to lose his head.

My father-in-law is in the utmost consternation on receiving this intelligence : he is filled with indignation at being accused as a regicide : he writes home in his own justification.

Constantly animated, and devoured as it were with the love of his country, continually influenced by the mortal hatred which he had sworn against its enemies, he never ceased, during the four whole years that we remained in Turkey, to endeavour, by his intrigues, to oblige the Porte to declare war against Russia.

In 1774, amidst a transport of rage, he receives intelligence of the triple invasion,* which bereaved the republic of one third of its possessions.

It was in the spring of 1776, that the patriots of America, fearful of the tyranny of an island which once boasted of its own liberties, resolved to redeem their violated rights by force of arms. My country hath lost her freedom, says Pulaski to me one day : but, ah, let us still fight for that of a new people !

We pass into Spain, we embark on board a vessel bound for the Havannah, from whence we repair to Philadelphia. The congress instantly presents us with commissions, and employs us in the army of General Washington.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* The dismemberment of Poland, by the Empress of Russia, the emperor of Germany, and the king of Prussia. This event, which took place by the agreement of three royal robbers, is one of the most disgraceful actions that ever stained the page of humanity. T.

EXTRAORDINARY RECOMPENCE ACCORDED TO MERIT.

FROM a London News-paper of the 17th of last October, the following paragraph is extracted :

" We cannot refuse ourselves the happiness of recording a striking instance of her Majesty's munificence. When Madame D'Arblay, ex-devant Miss Burney, presented CAMILLA to her Royal Mistress—the Queen sent her one thousand pounds !

When it is considered that previous to the publication of a work, it always undergoes the investigation of the person to whom it is dedicated, it must be obvious that from the extraordinary merits of this performance alone, the Queen could be induced to make so liberal a display of approbation. Indeed, when the style, language, and general object of the work is considered, no one will envy the writer the just meed deservedly due to so inimitable a piece of composition. In this work, the astonishing variety of characters, admirably supported, discover a genius in the writer rarely to be met with. The reader is by turns moved to tears, paled by apprehension, joyful at fortunate events, or merry by the most ludicrous representations. Every passion is wrought upon, every feeling is aroused to the most exquisite sensations. Vice and wickedness do not alone undergo the lash of her pen, folly, levity, thoughtlessness, inattention, and a numerous train of what are generally termed venial improprieties are represented in their true and baneful colours. The ills arising from these errors are often fatal ; here youth, in a picture drawn in the most masterly manner, are taught to avoid those quicksands, on which the best constructed hearts have been too often wrecked.

*** This very interesting work is now publishing by subscription, at the office of J. BULL, No. 115, Cherry-Street.

SOCIETY.

EVERY day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence ; that our crimes often proceed from the want of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are generally the consequences of a deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who (unless driven by hunger and despair) lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow-creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved ; for let no man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Phœbus, Mr. PHILIP GORRALL, late of Dublin, to the very agreeable Miss ELIZA SHREEVE, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Shreeve, late of this city.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, the Rev. ABEL ROE, of Woodbridge, N. J. to Mrs. BARRETT, relict of Nathaniel Barrett, Esq. of Boston, late American Consul, at Rouen, in France.

On Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. at Aurora, in the county of Onondaga, GLEN CUYLER, Esq. Attorney at Law, to Miss MARY F. LEDYARD, daughter of Benjamin Ledyard, Esq. Clerk of that County.

A few weeks since, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. ALEXANDER P. WALDRON, to Miss HANNAH ROBERTSON, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 11th to the 24th inst.

	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
	6, A M	3, P. M.	deg. 100 deg. 103		
Dec. 11	29 75	35	w.	do.	clear do. high wind do.
12	31	38 50	w.	do.	cloudy clear, lt. wind do.
13	30 50	39 50	w.	e.	clear cloudy, lt. wind do.
14	36	38 50	n.	w.	cloudy fm. rn. lt. wd. do.
15	35 25	39	w.	nw.	clear do. lt. wind do.
16	33	39 50	w.	se.	clear cloudy, lt. wd. h. wd.
17	35 25	40	nw.	n.	fm. rn. at ni. cr. do. h. wd.
18	36	40	ne.	do.	rain do. high wind do.
19	36 75	43 50	ne.	nw.	rain clear, high wind do.
20	22 25	27	nw.	do.	clear do. high wind do.
21	25	31	nw.	w.	cloudy do. light wind do.
22	21	22	w.	nw.	snow cloudy, lt. wd. h. wd.
23	11	15 75	w.	do.	clear do. high wind do.
24	10 50	16 75	w.	do.	cr. very fm. fn. h. wd. do.

SONNET.

WOMAN, thou sweet urbanity to guile
Life's tedious course away—I love thy smile,
Thy brow soft animated sweet to please,
Thy full-bright-eye as vestal fire so chaste,
Thy cheek like Hebe's bloom, and littling waist,
With native movement, elegance and ease.
Of these, the fair, from nature genuine boast,
Whose charms replete with wonder strike the host,
Yet when she meets my gaze, to sigh I'm prone,
That peerless beauty, in a Paphian form,
Like summer rose is tribute to the worm,
Short boast that once inimitably shone.
But truth predominating points the meed
All here is short, whilst endless scenes succeed.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SONG.

HOW shall the simple-hearted maid
Escape the treacherous wiles,
By vain unfaithful man outspread,
How shun the fatal toils?

When ev'ry guile and ev'ry art
Stand forth in readiness,
T' ensnare the unfeeling heart,
And leave it to distress.

Coldness or scorn ensures their love
They figh---they are undone;
But oh, what pangs that heart must prove,
Which owns it has been won!

Then cease, ye gentle beings cease
The insidious sex to trust,
For ah, ye sacrifice your peace,
When you believe them just.

ANNA.

NEW-YORK, DEC. 22, 1796.

ON LOSING A FRIEND.

THE pangs I felt at parting thee my friend,
May be conceiv'd but cannot well be penn'd;
On this deceitful world's precarious stage,
You stood my friend from youth to hoary age;
Upright, and firm, steady to thy trust,
Thy actions keen, but still correctly just;
The critic's malice, peace has oft destroy'd,
But you well tempered, could not be annoy'd;
Within thy mansion, peace and plenty dwelt,
Your guests when pleas'd, what pleasure then you felt;
A friend so rare to meet with now a days,
All wish to know to whom is due such praise;
'Tis due to one whose loss I'll long deplore,
My friend's a TOOTH, alas just gone before,

SONNET.

MAN stalks gigantic, lord in proud extreme,
O'er all creations wond'rous scope can give,
Bow'd by no yoke scarce to the great supreme,
Whose sanction bad mortality to live.

Yet what pursues he? Lucre's molten pelf,
Or pleasure's silken chain of visions dear,
Of knowledge boasting, while unknown himself
And loudly cayls at existence here.
To be, and yet to be, is but the small demand,
Seek then religion's purifying glow,
It tranquilizes time, with stubborn hand,
Whilst hoary age hopes endless life to know.
Our utmost here fills but a requiem page,
Poor, frail memorial of the passing age.

The Bachelor's Soliloquy. In imitation of a celebrated Speech.

TO wed, or not to wed—That is the question;
Whether 'tis happier in the mind to stile
The heats and tumults of outrageous passion,
Or with some prudent fair in solemn contract
Of matrimony join—to have—to hold—
No more—and by that have to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand love-sick pangs
Of celibacy—'twere a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—In nuptial band
To join till death dissolves.—Ay, there's the rub;
For in that space what dull remorse may come,
When we have taken our solemn leave of liberty,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That slacks our speed in suing for a change.
Else—who would bear the scorns and sores which bachelors
When aged feel, the pains and flatt'ring tevers
Which each new face must give to roving fancy,
When he might rid himself at once of all
By a bare Yes. Who would with patience bear
To fiet and linger out a single life,
But that the dread of something yet untry'd,
Some hazard in a state from whose strict bond
Death only can release, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather chuse those ills we have,
Than fly to others which we fancy greater!
This last reflection makes us slow and wary,
Filling the dubious mind with dreadful thoughts
Of curtain-lectures, jealousies, and cares
Extravagantly great, entail'd on wedlock,
Which to avoid the lover checks his passion,
And, miserable, dies a BACHELOR.

EPIPHANY.

ENTOMB'D beneath this lofty tree
A mortal lies of low degree.
A strict observer from his youth
Of that important virtue, truth.
He never with a selfish view
Was known to speak a word untrue,
His temper lively, yet as mild
And harmless as a new-born child.
He never flandered friend or foe,
Nor triumph'd in another's woe;
And tho', when young, he us'd to roam,
For years he lov'd his little home:
Securely there he laid him down,
Nor fear'd the world's ill-natur'd frow.
No wild ambitious thoughts possest
His quiet, uninspiring breast.
He envied neither wealth nor power,
Enjoying still the present hour;
Contented with his daily bread,
Each night he sought his peaceful bed;
Stranger to vice he knew no fear,
As life's important end drew near;
He breath'd his last without a sigh,
And shew'd how Innocence should die.
Blush, reader, while these lines you scan
Here lies a MONKEY, not a man.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN BULL, No. 115, CHERRY-STREET, where every Kind of Printing Work is
executed with the utmost Accuracy, Elegance and Dispatch.—SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 2s. per month)
are taken in at the Printing-Office, and by E. MITCHELL, Bookseller, No. 9, Maiden-Lane.